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Bulletin, No. 31), reminds me of a somewhat similar case which came to my notice in June, 1897. A barn in Lynnfield, unoccupied and seldom visited, was frequented by Flickers, several holes being made by them in the sides of the building. All the holes that I saw were made where a seam was formed by two boards. A pair of the Flickers nested in the barn laying their eggs on some hay. I did not myself see the eggs in position but the facts in the case were later furnished me by Mr. J. W. Ross, the owner of the property.

A pile of hay some five or six feet high occupied one corner of the barn. The Flicker laid her eight eggs on this hay pile, making a slight depression. The eggs were laid close to the side of the barn and about one foot below the hole made therein by the birds.

Mr. Ross visited his barn at infrequent intervals and thinks that this will explain why the Flickers nested therein. On the occasion of one visit in May the bird flew from her eggs on the hay and made her escape through one of the holes. Two of the eight eggs were taken by boys, but the others hatched and Mr. Ross believes that the young were safely reared. This instance of the Flicker nesting within a building differs from that recorded in the 'Wilson Bulletin' in that the Massachusetts bird utilized hay for a nesting-place while in the other case the eggs were laid on boarding.—J. A. FARLEY, *Mulden, Mass.*

Maine Bird Notes.—The Swallow Roost, of which I gave an account some years ago (Auk, Jan., 1895, p. 48) has moved to another location within two or three years.

I think the first impulse to change was given by the felling of most of the willows which they were wont to frequent. From time to time trees had been cleared away, but this cutting was on more wholesale lines and not to the Swallows' liking. There was, however, sufficient small willow growth farther back on the point for roosting, but they did not take to it, and though the banks are again thick with new growth they have not returned.

The next summer after the cutting of the trees they would collect, yet in smaller and smaller numbers, and go through some of their evolutions, either in memory of old times or from force of habit, and then depart half a mile southeast to the Kennebec River. I have been told by people living close by, that there had been for some time a smaller roost on an island in the Kennebec, seven or eight hundred feet long and covered by a thicket of willows with an occasional elm tree. It was to this roost that the Messalonskee Swallows joined themselves. Here are performed by a countless host similar interesting manœuvres to those before described and by the same kinds of Hirundinidæ.

I have never seen any suggestion of Martins (*Progne subis*) being night birds, but a few years ago, about ten o'clock of a bright moonlight night in August — my note-book says August 8 — I was resting in a hammock outdoors, when I heard the calls of Martins. A few minutes later my husband coming up the walk said, "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" I asked evasively.

"Well, I heard Martins if I ever heard them!" he replied, "and, moreover, I saw them. I looked up quickly and there were some flying across the face of the moon."

June 15, 1900, Mr. Bates, walking home from a train that reached Waterville between two and three in the morning, without having a thought of Swallows, suddenly heard them in the air above. Again it was bright moonlight.

In a flock of fifteen or twenty Robins (*Merula migratoria*) that has been about our neighborhood for the last few weeks is a handsome albino. The upper parts, except the breast, are entirely white, allowing for a tinge suggestive of not being quite clean; but the tail shows some dark feathers underneath. The breast is lighter than usual, a flesh color on the sides with a deeper shade through the center, and the bill seems very yellow in contrast to the white plumage. It is both surprising and amusing to see it run along and hop, hop, hop as every Robin does while seeking his food on the ground and to mark the twitch of tail and alarm note of *tut, tut! tut!* as it flies up to a near by tree.

While at the island of Southport, on the Maine coast, this summer from July 20 to August 17, we heard the White-winged Cross-bills (*Loxia leucoptera*) singing in a manner to which the bird books we have so far consulted do not give due credit. The song of one on the west side from the top of a spruce tree excited our admiration, but at the cape where coniferous trees abound, the chorus from a number made us think of a bird store let loose. The song seemed much richer, louder and more prolonged than that of the Goldfinch,—more like a Canary's outpour with all the calls, trills, warbles and choppings. It was given on the wing as well as from the tree-tops, and the birds were very tame, alighting on the ground near us. We heard the bird also from the steamer singing at Christmas Cove and at Pemaquid. A number of bird lovers were agreed in calling it a rarely beautiful song, and that the bird should be placed high up in the list of sweet singers.—ABBY F. C. BATES, *Waterville, Maine.*

Ontario Notes.—Some time ago Gulls were said to breed regularly on the islands in Lake Ontario, but for fifteen or twenty years they have deserted even such isolated spots as Pigeon Island, and it is doubtful if they breed at any point about the lake or its islands. They were said to breed commonly on islands in many of the inland lakes of the Province of Ontario, and Gull Lakes are to be found everywhere, with a tradition that gulls bred there in the past. One of the best known of these Gull Lakes is in Clarendon township, about eighty miles north of Kingston. It was said to have an island called Gull Rock on which some hundreds of birds bred. The Rev. C. J. Young and I determined to investigate the truth of this statement, and on May 30, 1901, succeeded in reaching the lake after a very rough and unpleasant trip, and discovered that Gull Rock may have furnished a foothold for one or two pairs of gulls many years ago, but no